

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

"FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN."

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What happened during the remainder of the afternoon is an unwritten book to me. I remember seeing Marian some distance away and of her waving her handkerchief to us as we approached, but after that all is a blank. Yet I did not swoon. I learned afterwards that my behavior was almost natural, the only thing unusual was that, while my remarks were frequent, I did not attempt to join in a sustained conversation. As a matter of fact, I was as oblivious of my surroundings as if I had been walking in my sleep. Indeed, that is precisely what I was doing, except that the sleep which had come over me was not healthy, normal slumber, but was the numbness induced by exhaustion. My nerves had stretched to the breaking point, and the reaction was equally as violent. My subconsciousness enabled me to move and speak but all active mental functions were suspended. I was almost entirely in the position of a somnambulist.

The first thing I remember after seeing Marian wave her handkerchief was waking in my room at the hotel. I was alone and it was night. How I reached the hotel I did not know. I searched my mind, but it was a blank. I have heard a drunken man has some such feeling when he awakes in the morning after a night of debauch. He recalls taking a drink in such a place, but how he got home or how he got out of his clothes and into his bed is a complete mystery. That was exactly the way with me.

I put my hand to my forehead to brush back my hair. My skin was hot with fever. I attempted to rise, but fell back exhausted. What had happened to me? My temples throbbed and my mouth was parched. Was I ill? I felt that, after all, it did not matter, and I allowed my muscles to relax and my head to sink lower into the pillow.

After all—
The sun was shining through the window. But was it the sun? Yes, of course it was. A gentle breeze fanned my cheek. I looked down upon the coverlid and saw a slender hand, thin almost to transparency, marked with delicate blue veins. Whose hand could it be? Whose—
Slowly I came to myself. I was indeed myself. It was incontrovertible. But what had happened?

A figure in white detached itself from a spot near the window and came to the bedside. A cool, soft hand caressed my brow. A soothing voice bade me sleep and rest. I looked long into the face which creased the head and back to the habit which clothed the figure. Then I smiled faintly. Of course! She was a nurse and I had been ill. A wave of satisfaction swept over me and I closed my eyes again. I had solved the mystery!

But why had I been ill? My eyes opened once more and again I studied the white-clad gentle faced young woman. Yes, there was no

doubt about her being a nurse, and hence there was no doubt about my having been ill. I moved my hand weakly across the coverlid and twined my fingers about those of the woman beside me.

"Tell me," I said in a voice that was little better than a whisper. "Not now," she replied swiftly. "Wait until you are stronger."

"Very well," I told her, and closed my eyes again. It must have been the next day when I roused again. I saw the nurse at the window, but I felt no curiosity. I recognized her without hesitation. I raised my hand and looked at it calmly. I knew I had been desperately ill; that I was in my room in the hotel and that by some miracle I had been brought back to life. But there were many things which I did not know, and questions began coming to my mind and clamoring for solution.

The nurse discovered I was awake and came swiftly to me. "Sit down," I told her. Instead of obeying she brought a glass in which there was a colorless liquid, spoonful of which she gave me to drink.

"Sit down," I repeated. She drew her chair up to the bedside and took my hand. "What is the matter with me?" I asked her. "Have I been ill long?" She studied my face a moment as if considering how much she might safely tell me. Evidently she was somewhat satisfied with what she saw, for her lips curved and a little dimple came into her smooth cheek.

"Two weeks," she replied briefly. "You have been very sick, but you are better now and will get well very soon."

I closed my eyes to think. Two weeks! All two weeks? Why, it is only yesterday that I was walking with Mr. Gordon. I remembered distinctly. It was impossible!

"Are you sure?" I asked her. She smiled faintly. "Quite sure."

It was some time before I could realize the truth, but at length I concluded that the nurse must be right. But if she was, where was Arthur? Why was he not at my side? I glanced uncertainly at my attendant. Should I ask her about him?

All through the remainder of the day I puzzled my brain over the possible whereabouts of Arthur. I was ill and he was not near me. Nor had I seen anything of Marian or Mr. Gordon, and not a word had been dropped about either of the three by the nurse. Why was I alone?

The question troubled me more and more as the day wore on. I determined to ask my attendant for a solution of the mystery. But would it be necessary for me to ask her? Would not Arthur soon appear? After all it might be better to wait until the next day.

This is what I finally decided to do, hoping that, meanwhile my husband would answer the question by coming to my bedside. But he did not. My sleep that night was broken, and I was either wholly unconscious or semiconscious throughout the hours of darkness. The nurse, who seemed to possess the patience of a feminine Job and the vigilance

of a tarney, lay on a couch at the foot of my bed, and at the least sound which came from my direction was on the alert.

When the gray dawn showed beyond the curtains of the room, she was awake, and after giving me a spoonful of tasteless medicine, tidied the room. By the time breakfast was brought she had given me a sponge bath, and I sank back breathless but comfortable on my bed. Still no word or sight of Arthur. What could be the matter?

I waited until what I thought was an auspicious moment, and when the nurse had come to my bedside, I caught her hand and detained her.

"Tell me," I said, "where is my husband?" She tried to appear as if she had not heard the question, and began straightening the coverings of the bed, talking meanwhile to me in an attempt at playfulness.

"And I arranged these bed clothes only a few minutes ago!" she fussed, ostentatiously. "Now you have them all skeltered again. You are a restless patient, and I shall tell the doctor on your behalf the moment he arrives. He will put you in a straight-jacket."

She smiled down upon me and I could not help responding to her will. Sweetness and patience shone in her face. But I knew she was attempting to evade my question, and soon I returned to the matter.

"I suppose I have had some infectious disease and they have not allowed him to come near me," I observed. "Isn't that so?" The nurse turned on me with mock sternness.

"Now, look here," she chided. "What secrets are you trying to divine? Don't you know that a doctor reserves the right to tell or not tell his patients what is the matter with them? And don't you know that a trained nurse—especially a well-trained nurse—never tells anything unless the doctor orders her? Well, the doctor has ordered me not to tell you anything, and I won't."

There was a tenderness in her voice which belied the harshness of her words and instead of receding from her, I smiled.

"You need not tell me, then, what is the matter with me," I told her. "All I want to know is where my husband is. This is a natural request and I hope you will respond naturally to it."

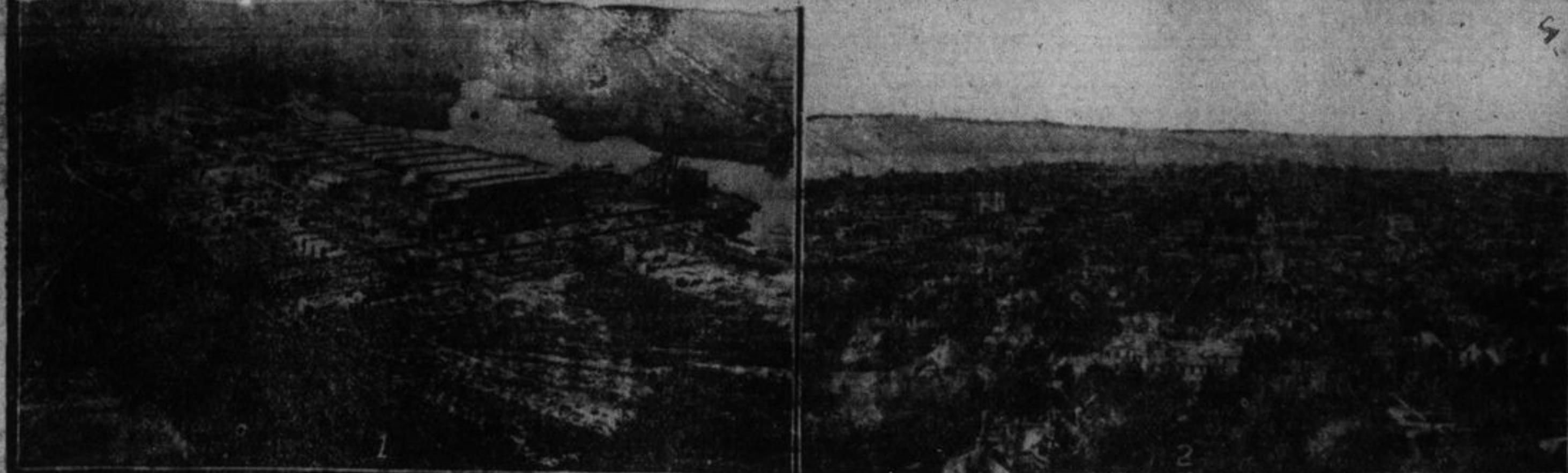
"Doctor's orders," she repeated doggedly. "I have no instructions to tell you anything. I was told to give you medicine and nourishment and to take your temperature. All these things I have done religiously. If there is any doubt about it all I have to do is to consult the chart. It will speak for itself."

"You must admit, though," I insisted, "that a wife naturally wishes to know where her husband is, particularly if she has been seriously ill, as I appear to have been. Don't you consider that a reasonable request?"

"Reason has nothing to do with nurses," she retorted. "The doctor does the thinking and we merely follow directions."

Her manner was so kind that the sting of her refusal was taken away,

NEW CANADIAN INDUSTRIES



- (1) National Steel Car Co., Hamilton, Ont.
- (2) Central Portion of Hamilton, Ont.
- (3) Canadian Connecticut Cotton Mills, Sherbrooke, Que.
- (4) Blast-Furnaces, Steel Co. of Canada, Hamilton, Ont.

THE process of the establishment of branches of American industrial concerns within the borders of the Dominion of Canada has been going on for a good many years—ever since it became apparent that no political party was likely to modify very seriously the "protective" character of the country's fiscal policy. It might reasonably have been expected that the shock of war would put a stop, temporarily at least, to this process of peaceful penetration; but the opposite has been the case. Even since the recovery of capital from its paralysis, eight months or so after the war began, the establishment of American branches in Canada has been going on with greater energy and determination than before, and investigation has shown that the war, instead of discouraging such adventure, has afforded new reasons to justify it.

Speaking broadly, the American firms which have established themselves in Canada during the past twelve or fifteen months have been actuated by one of both of two main considerations. Either they have had an eye on the Canadian domestic market, and have regarded the present as a favorable opportunity for a campaign in it because of their own abnormal cash reserves, and the exceptional prosperity and activity of the Dominion; or (this is the explanation in the majority of cases) they have had an eye not only to the Canadian market but also to the vast territory of the Entente Allies, and are convinced that in the fiscal arrangements which will follow the conclusion of peace, no neutral country will receive "most-favored-nation" treatment from any of the Allied countries.

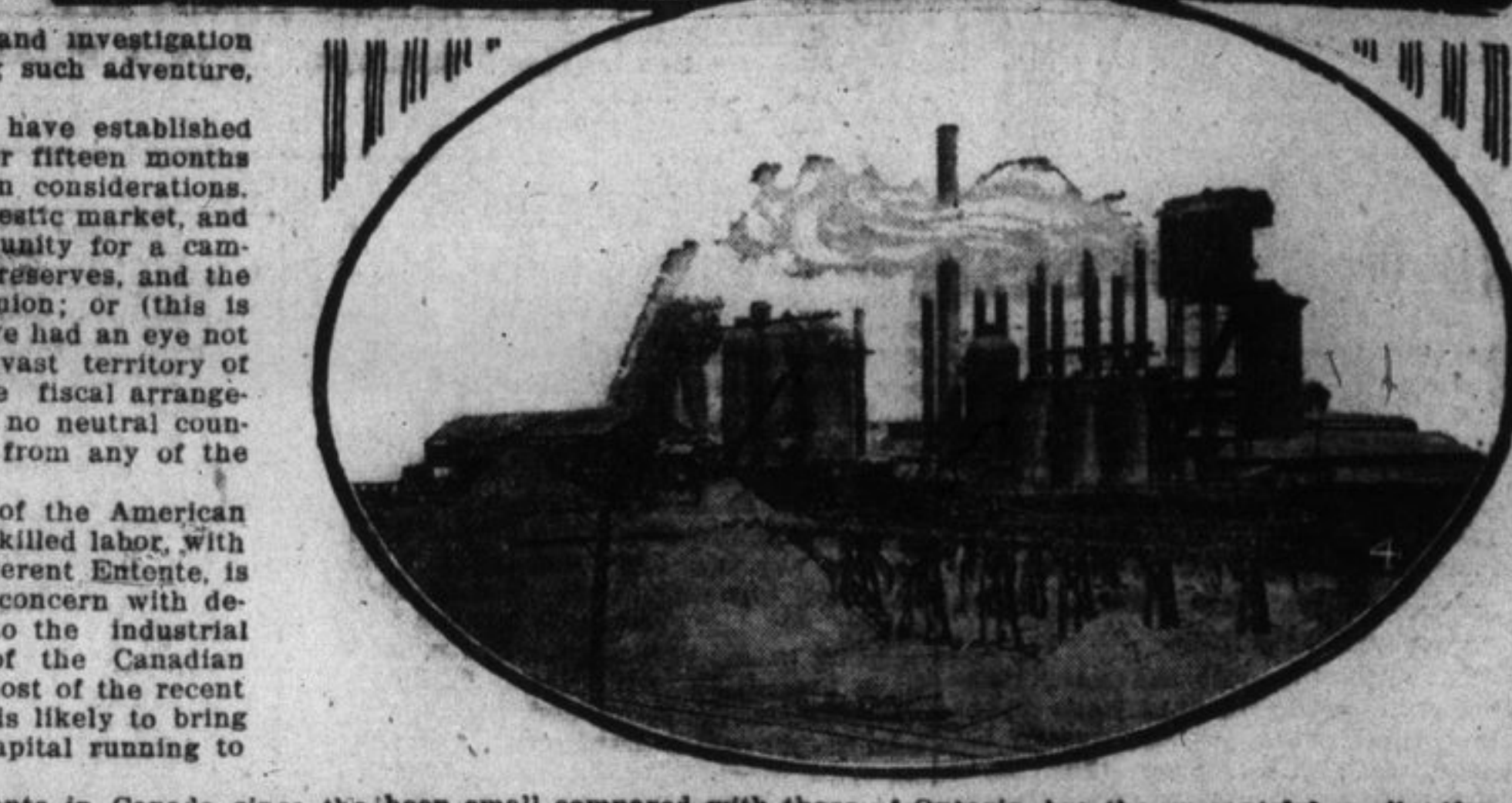
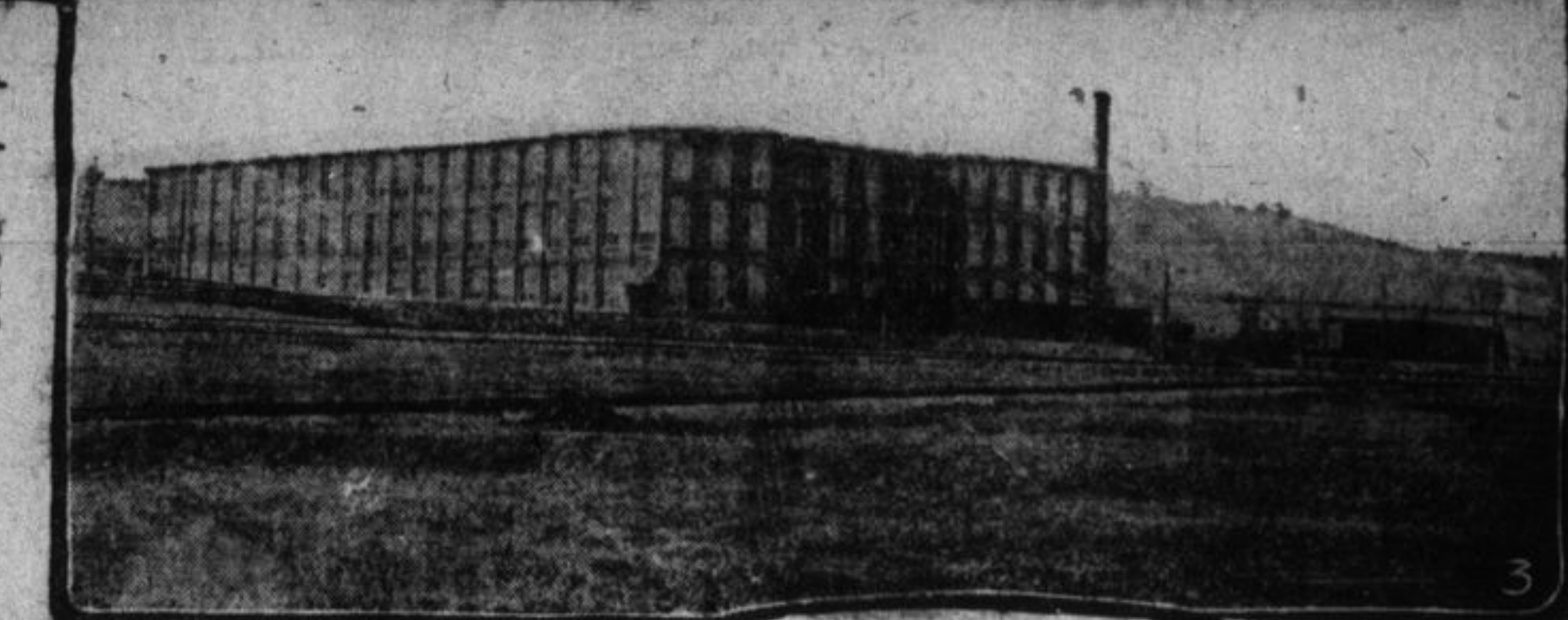
Canada, combining the economic advantages of the American continent, with its wealth of raw material and of skilled labor, with the market advantages of a member of the belligerent Entente, is the natural basis of operations for an American concern with designs upon European markets. This, according to the industrial commissioners of various Canadian cities, and of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is the main motive in inducing most of the recent American branch establishments in Canada, and is likely to bring to Canada within the next few years industrial capital running to many hundreds of millions.

American concerns which have established plants in Canada since the beginning of 1915, in an increasing number of instances, are of the Canadian market and of Canadian export possibilities. It should be added that all of the establishments are substantial plants, built for meeting a large business and for carrying on, not merely a sales agency or an assembling process, but practically the entire process of production from the purchased raw material to the finished article.

One of the first American products to meet with an avowed policy of fiscal discouragement in Free Trade England, as a result of the war and its effect upon trade balances was the automobile. The establishment of branches of American automobile concerns in Canada has already been going on for some years, owing to the great growth in Canadian consumption of the article and the popularity of American brands. But the European situation has given a tremendous impetus to the movement. Existing plants have been greatly enlarged, and three new and important plants have been undertaken, those of the Maxwell Motors at Windsor, Ontario, the Chalmers Motor Company at Walkerville, Ontario, and the Chevrolet Motor Company at Oshawa, Ontario. This is exclusive of the acquisition and enlargement of Canadian-owned plants by American firms for the manufacture of American brands of cars.

One of the largest industrial undertakings of the year was that of an immense plant in Hamilton, Ontario. The famous packing house of Proctor & Gamble Company, the proprietors of Ivory Soap and of sundry other soap and cottonseed oil products, who have commenced the erection of Libbey, McNeill & Libbey has established itself in Hamilton, Ontario (which city, it will be noted, is a favorite with American industries owing to its combination of cheap power and good labor supply with the best of shipping facilities). The Flint Varnish & Color Company has put up a branch factory at Toronto, Ontario; and the Link Belt Company is locating in the same city. Sherer & Gillett, makers of store counters, are establishing at Guelph, Ontario. The Maple Leaf Condensing Company, a Detroit concern, is at Chesterville, Ontario.

As a number of concerns establishing in the Province of Quebec has



been small compared with those of Ontario, but the present labor situation, which is much more favourable in Quebec, is likely to correct that tendency to some extent. An important asset to the industries of Sherbrooke, Quebec, is that of Kayser & Company, the famous manufacturers of silk gloves, stockings, and other articles. The Actna Explosive Company, at Drummondville, Quebec, has been improperly regarded as a war industry; it is so for the time being, but its immense plant has been designed so as to be applicable to the manufacture of dyes when the explosive business falls off. A rumor, which appears to have good foundation, though not officially confirmed, asserts that one of the great American chemical and explosives concerns has made all preparations for the establishment of a plant for the production of nitrates from atmospheric nitrogen at one of the hitherto undeveloped powers of Quebec Province.

Several American concerns already operating in Canada have found that their existing plants are not equal to the demands which they anticipate. The Dominion Sugar Company, which is largely financed by American sugar-refining capital, is adding a big plant at Chatham, Ontario, to its existing buildings at Wallaceburg in the same province. The Goodrich Tire & Rubber Company is removing from small premises at Bowmanville, Ontario, to an immense property which it has bought at New Toronto, Ontario. These examples, all of them being enterprises undertaken long after Canada's participation in the war and her financial sacrifices for that cause were known and allowed for, are convincing evidence that the progressive manufacturers of the United States have perfect confidence in Canada as a field for industrial investment. As most of them are looking for an export trade, it would appear that they are satisfied that production costs in Canada will not be materially altered after the war, either as regards labor supply, cost of living, or burdens of taxation. Mr. Graham W. Curtis, Industrial Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, stated recently that he had found American business men greatly impressed by the showing of financial American confidence in, and comprehension of, Canada, was greater than strength made by the Dominion since the war, and that undoubtedly at any other previous date.

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although it merely whetted my desire for information. I had no idea sick people were treated in any such manner. I thought they were given anything they wanted and petted and spoiled for fear they would become worse. The tactics adopted by my attendant were altogether new to me, yet I knew so little about treatment of the sick that I could only accept what had happened as part of the doctor's medicine and nourishment. Besides, the talking I had done had weakened me and I was reaching the point where I must end my part of the conversation. I accordingly closed my eyes and allowed the mystery to remain a mystery for the time being at least.

But the next day when I woke after a refreshing sleep, I determined not to be put off any longer. By this time I had decided that I was not very ill, after all, for, during the two days I had been conscious, a physician had not put in his appearance, and, nowadays, unless one is a physician or the hovering about one can not be very ill. The nurse had spoken repeatedly of the doctor whose orders she was carrying out, and I had taken it for granted that there was a doctor, but I had seen none. This was another question for me to ask my attendant when the question was put to her. "You were sound asleep that you did not see or

hear him. See here is a new prescription he left for you. I must have it filled."

She went to the telephone to summon a bellboy. When she came came back she pulled a chair to my bedside and settled herself comfortably.

"Furthermore, he told me to answer any questions you might ask, so fire away."
(To be Continued.)

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Tuesday

BREAKFAST
Cantaloupes or Fruit of Choice
Cream Toast with Poached Eggs
Whole Wheat Toast
Coffee or Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Squash Fritters
Fruit Salad
Biscuits from Yesterday
Buttermilk or Tea

DINNER
Lamb Broth
Boiled Lamb with Pepper Sauce
South Potatoes, Cucumbers
Iced Cornstarch Custard
Coffee

Iced Cornstarch Custard
Materials—Three cups milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter.
Utensils—Double boiler, measuring cups, tablespoon, teaspoon, egg-beater, four custard cups or large bowl.
Directions—Put the milk on in top of double boiler; when it comes to a boil add the cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold milk; boil three minutes. Add the sugar, salt, well-beaten egg and any flavoring desired, mixed together; brush four cups with butter or pour into large bowl. Place bowl in pan with ice and water until time to serve.

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